

THE TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

A Litter Of Moving Day Perplexities

A Few of the Little Problems With Which the House-keeper Has To Cope In the Fall On the Day of Days. How To Feed a Husband, Make a Sideboard Fit a Wall, and Put the Baby To Sleep.

It is moving day. The weather is-I forget, and haven't time to waste on the weather anyhow. I am to have everything ready by the time Edgar comes home. We go from a tight, narrow-chested cage to a five-room mansion in the effete n. w. At least that is the way I looked at it during the summer. But today, with everything torn up, and deposited in the f. r. mansion; With the baby crying and the maid looking like Lucretia Borgia prior to the time when she killed her parents; And all the furniture looking as lonesome as a fifteen-year-old boy in a ten-year-old suit; With my bones aching with such intensity that I am about to count all of them without looking in Gray's Anatomy; With a footless dinner at hand, and a bedless sleep on the horizon; And with a hungry husband as bound to come home to dinner on THIS night as is said to fall on a picnic day; With all of these things present, I begin to think That the narrow-chested cage was really Merely COZY. And that the f. r. mansion is a Big, bare barn. It is moving day, and I am to have everything ready By the time Edgar comes home!

The Neatest Girl.
The neatest girl in our set
Is Capicola Flynn;
She never hurried in her life
And never used a pynn.

.....Euphemia.

The neatest girl in our set
Is Miss Florida Muttons;
Her mother spends her idle hours
In sewing on of buttons.

.....Tish.

From different poems them verses came
The authors no one knows
But both agree the Neatest Girl
She neither rips or sews;
She goes about with a stately tread—
One thing she counts a sin—
No matter whose or what the work
She'll never use a pin!

Street Car Snap-Shots.
First One—"I can't endure those black velvet tams."
Second One—"I bought one of them yesterday."
First One—"Oh but with you it's different. You would look well in one I think you see—"

.....etc. etc.

Atavism.
With all the best waves Winne Whogues
But, oh, 't would make you cry,
To hear her off a nun-clate
'Oh, no! Just you and I."

.....THE CONDUCTOR.

The Beginning of Chinaware

It is to the Chinese alone that the world owes the creation of chinaware. While the Greeks, who have persistently laid claim to the honor of this article of modern every-day use, were making experiments with terra cotta, the Chinese had already completed the manufacture of porcelain. The assertions by Chinese historians that pottery was made in the Chinese empire as far back as 2600 B. C. are open to considerable question. It is a matter of indisputable record, however, that porcelain was extensively produced in China about 87 B. C.

From that period the art was developed and perfected through the centuries, the center of the industry being King-le-Chin, where porcelain was first made in 580 A. D., while in the eighteenth century this town possessed no fewer than 3,000 furnaces. Of all Chinese porcelain, the most prized, even at this day, is the old blue ware, imitated by the Delft manufacturers.

China Taught Japan.
From China to Japan the knowledge of the production of porcelain was carried on in 77 C. Seven hundred years later the first company of porcelain makers was established at Tokyo. It is, however, rather in the production of pottery than of porcelain that the Japanese have displayed pre-eminent skill. The first record of the appearance of porcelain ware in Europe is in 1487, when Lorenzo de Medici received from the Sultan of Egypt a present of blue Chinese porcelain. The appearance of chinaware in Europe led to strenuous and intermittent efforts at imitation, the earliest European porcelain of which any examples exist being that made in 1580 by Francis de Medici II, grand duke of Tuscany, this attempt, however, ceasing seven years later. From time to time the industry appears to have been revived in France, but it was not until 1613 that porcelain making took firm root at St. Cloud, to be further developed fifty years later at Vincennes.

National Works at Sevres.
In 1756 the center of the industry was finally transferred to Sevres, while in 1760, at the direction of Louis XV, the works became the pottery of the nation, surviving the maelstrom of the Revolution and continuing, in spite of all changes of government, until the present day. Twenty-five years earlier Boetcheur had established the famous works of Meissen, near Dresden, Saxony.

In Great Britain, manufacturers have at all times centered their attention on the making of soft porcelain of the kind used in the every day cup and saucer. The works at Chaslea, Derby and Worcester were started respectively in 1748 and 1750, hard porcelain making being begun by Robert Cookworthy at Plymouth in 1768, and continued by Richard Chaslea at Bristol until 1784.

Why Not Train Speaking Voice

By LAURA CLAWSON.

YES, we think Grace is going to have a wonderful voice. Her singing teacher assures us that all she needs is the proper training, and her musical future will be assured, a pleased and self-sacrificing little mother confided to me.

Be that as it may, the thought crossed my mind that perhaps all the little self denials which the other members of the family were no doubt practicing in order that Grace might have a chance, might come to naught. Often that is what happens.

Our mother has money and time at her disposal for the cultivation of her singing voice, and not one in thousands ever really profits. But how different would this be, if the mothers, by example and if necessary by the employment of a paid teacher, insisted that the speaking voices of their daughters be "as music to the ear?"

Most Wonderful of Gifts.
I know I am an extremist on this matter, but I think I am not alone in considering a beautifully pitched speaking voice one of the most wonderful gifts a young girl may have. If the mothers realize what an index to character, what a traitor to disposition the timbre of the speaking voice is, they would perhaps pay more attention to the warning.

If a growing girl displays any marked aptitude for vocal work by all means let her have her opportunity. But even if she should not, this matter of her speaking voice should be watched most critically. Very early in a child's speech a whiny note, if detected, may be corrected; the high-pitched, nervous, thin voice of so many of our women of today had its earliest beginnings in the whine of childhood, which is, if noticed, corrected by example.

Whine a Fearful Disadvantage.
We want our girls to have all the accomplishments we can give them. But we want also to be very sure that they have also the requirements for every-day living, the equipment which will make them respected and welcome wherever they go. The whiny or shrill voiced woman, no matter how good-hearted she may be, is always at a disadvantage. And the sad fact that she is totally unconscious that she offends every time she opens her lips doesn't really make matters any better.

Listen to the voices of the girls, as well as to learn how they talk as well as what they say. Give them all the arts, music, and the languages, but be very sure that the voice they use in speaking their own is well pitched and pleasant to the ear.

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What They Say About Us

Thoughtless Miss Paul.
Rather thoughtless was Miss Alice Paul in warning President Wilson to call a special session of Congress to pass a national women's suffrage amendment before the November election. Evidently Miss Paul doesn't know that it is in session—Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.

A woman's ideal of a perfect home is one with six closets in every room.—Macon News.

Sometimes when trying to smoke some brands of cigars we don't blame mother for starting a kitchen fire with kerosene.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Less than 14 per cent of the registered women voters in Chicago voted at the primary election on Wednesday. A fact that speaks more convincingly than nights of oratory and tons of literature.

A "Different" Interpretation Of the Velvet Hat For Fall Wear

Although One Might Think It a Crime To Wear Anything But Black Velvet This Fall, Nothing Will Happen To the Timorous Woman Who Dares To Make a Copy of This Model and Wear It Abroad Far and Wide.

Taube Velvet Distinguishes This Revolutionary Chapeau From the Popular Black Model So Often Seen—And It Doesn't Take Much Imagination On Behalf of a Clever Woman To Twist This Shape Into a Thousand Angles.

REASON!
This hat is NOT black velvet. Instead it is a dainty turban of a soft shade of taube velvet, cleverly folded and draped, and adorned with but one large embroidered rose.

As a matter of fact the black velvet hat is not a decree this year. Other materials, in colors, or tones of gray may be used. Neither is the shape of a hat necessarily sailor.

This model is a turban if there ever was one, and has the chameleon like blessing of being a different hat at every angle. Unlike the sailor, which says that the hair must be arranged one way, and one only when worn, this revolutionary relief is just as happy if the hair is worn "up" as it is when the hair is worn "down."

This for the simple reason that it is convertible and adjustable from more than one angle. A slight bending of the brim, a twist of the folds, and a transposition of the rose brings about another hat, amenable to various dispositions of the coiffure.

The Retort Courteous.
For six years a bitter feud had existed between the Browns and the Robinsons, next door neighbors. The trouble had originated through the depredations of Brown's cat, and had grown so fixed an affair that neither party ever dreamed of "making it up."

One day, however, Brown sent his servant next door with a peace-making note for Mr. Robinson, which said: "Mr. Brown sends his compliments to Mr. Robinson, and begs to say that his old cat died this morning."

Robinson's written reply was bitter: "Mr. Robinson is very sorry to hear of Mrs. Brown's trouble, but he had not heard that Mrs. Brown was ill."

The Woman in White.
Just then a gloriously beautiful woman stepped forth from the thicket. She was clad in a white fur mantle and her eyes shone like fire.

Introducing herself to Paul as a fugitive from the Russian political police, she said she had hidden in the bushes on her flight through the forest, fearing lest the peasants were a cordon of pursuing policemen. She added that, as she hid there, a great white wolf had dashed past her. Paul at once fell in love with the beautiful stranger. He begged her to honor him by a visit to his castle, declaring she would be safe there from the police. She accepted the invitation. When the enamored Paul asked her name, she bade him call her "Ravina."

Old Michael, from the first, hated and suspected his master's lovely guest. He did little Alexis. But Katrina was fascinated by her beauty. Alexis, too, was gravely disappointed at the mysterious white wolf. He declared loudly that he himself was going to be a wolf hunter as soon as he could grow up. In the mean time he got hold of a rusty, old brass-bound horse pistol, which he loaded. Armed with this awkward weapon, he declared he would creep around the castle garden at night, pretending he was hunting the white wolf.

One evening Katrina told Paul she must leave the castle on the morrow. "Old Michael, from the first, hated and suspected his master's lovely guest. He did little Alexis. But Katrina was fascinated by her beauty. Alexis, too, was gravely disappointed at the mysterious white wolf. He declared loudly that he himself was going to be a wolf hunter as soon as he could grow up. In the mean time he got hold of a rusty, old brass-bound horse pistol, which he loaded. Armed with this awkward weapon, he declared he would creep around the castle garden at night, pretending he was hunting the white wolf."

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—Underwood & Underwood.

Stories of Stories Plots of Fiction Masterpieces By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

THE WHITE WOLF. By Sir Gilbert Campbell.

PAUL SERGEVITCH was a Russian noble who had disgraced himself by drunkenness and dueling and gambling and by every known vice. The Czar, by way of punishment, exiled Paul to the latter's estate in Lithuania.

There, shut off from all the gayeties he loved, the banished man spent his days in hunting and his nights in brandy swigging. His wife died. He drank the harder.

His little son Alexis and his baby daughter Katrina shared his exile. The two children were looked after by the servants, as Paul gave scant heed to their upbringing. Indeed, he gave no special heed to anything except brandy and hunting. The management of his family and of his estate was left to Michael, his old valet.

One day Michael reported in terror to his master that a large snow-white wolf was ravaging the district and that the brute had slain many peasants, eating only the hearts of his victims.

Michael believed the monster was a werewolf (a human being who has the power to change into a wolf). Paul led a party of peasants into the forest in search of the marauder. They sighted the wolf and tracked it into a thicket. Forming a circle around the thicket, the peasants prepared to set fire to the undergrowth and to smoke out the lurking creature.

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Why Coddling Makes You Susceptible To Annoying Fall Colds

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG.

WHAT is a cold? Of one thing you are certain, it is not health. You are more or less sick, when you have one. Call it a "cold" by any other name and it will be as bad.

Cold weather does not cause colds. It merely surprises the flesh of some persons. These who are given to wearing too much clothing, who lead an indoor life, whose skins become spoiled and flattered into a habit of meeting only warmth, will "catch cold," not because of a draught or a slight fall in temperature, because they have not trained their flesh and nasal membranes to meet and adapt themselves to wide changes in weather conditions.

Artic explorers, hunters and outdoor workers, whose flesh becomes inured to extremes of moisture and cold, do not fall ill of "colds" because of cold. If they succumb at all, which does at times happen, it is usually due to fatigue and deprivations.

In the autumn many people who lead sedentary lives fall easy victims to sniffles, sniffles and colds. The origin of pre-winter colds is not so much the hot mid-days and cold moist evenings, as it is the lack of ship-shape and adaptable nose, mouth and skin coverings. The bacteria of a cold find the most favorable soil in the fertile soil into which they plant themselves. Thence they may spread to the pharynx, tonsils, throat or windpipe. Often the illness, which appears "only a cold," is a hidden type of diphtheria, tuberculosis, typhoid, scarlet fever, pneumonia and worse disorders.

Nearly every day somebody will advise you to bundle up your throat, not to wear low shoes, to stay indoors in bad weather, and to put more coal in the furnace. Houses and living rooms that are overheated, crowded, and poorly ventilated, not only retain more germs, but make their inhabitants veritable hothouse plants to be withered by the first cold blast of autumn.

There are, to be sure, vigorous, open-air livers, who catch cold in the dampness of the morning, when the fabric is weakened by poor blood, careless eating, late hours and other indiscretions—links that are stronger in the chain of causes than draughts and moisture.

"Draughts" as causes of colds is a superstition with a sane idea behind. The fact is that those who have skins unused to the cold are usually those who live in stuffy, warm rooms. The instant air a little cooler sweeps across the room and strikes the coddled skin it becomes chilled and the pure, fresh breeze gets the blame. Really, the rightfully should be laid at the door of the victim himself.

(Copyright, 1916, Newspaper Feature Service)

Answers to Health Questions

Frank T.—What are the constituents of a good peroxide cream? You may obtain a splendid cream from this combination:
Spermaceti..... 1 ounce
White wax..... 1 ounce
Oil of sweet almonds..... 1 ounce
Rosewater..... 30 grains
Chlorate of potash..... 20 grains

L. M.—What will remove sunburn from the face and hands? 1. What is good for catarrh of the head? 2. What will correct the wavy hair? 3. Try some of the following on the parts:
Zinc oxide..... 2 drams
Carbolic acid..... 25 drops
Pink calamine..... 25 drops
Glycerine..... 2 drams
Lime water..... 2 ounces
Lily of the valley water..... 2 ounces

Catarrh is one of those smothering names to cover a multitude of sins. Tumors, swellings, deflected bones, inflamed spots, deformities, accidents, and other disorders of the nose, throat, stomach, and other internal ailments are incorrectly given this name. Never accept the name "catarrh." It spells ignorance.

Join a good gymnasium and practice the most strenuous and perfect shoulder and arm movements. Tennis, row, swim, and swing from a trapeze. Sit and stand in an upright position, and do not allow the shoulders to droop forward or slouch at any time.

CANNOT understand the young man's actions toward me. He could behave so if he really cared about my feelings and your comfort. Do you think it is because he does not know any better? He may have never known that it is considered a disgrace for a young man to help a girl up and down curbstones or to see that she is comfortably fixed in the theater before he thinks of himself.

He must be so used to seeing you everywhere with him that he takes you for granted. Isn't this so? Can you not show him that you feel his behavior keenly? If he loves you truly, it should be a pleasure for him to enjoy your society.

I think it would be better for you to wait until he earns the \$60 a month. That's \$10 a year additional, you must remember.

Watch him carefully and do not let him think that he can neglect you just because you happen to be engaged.

Dear Chaperon—I am a girl of seventeen and have been keeping company with a young man of twenty-one. We are tentatively engaged. My friend says I should approve of my going out with any young men. What perplexes me is that I don't like him at night, and I don't like him very much time to spend with me.

Will you advise me what to do, as I get very lonely at times, and would not like to give him up. Do you think he is acting reasonably? ROXY.

Yes, I should not like to think that a fiancée of mine were going around with other boys, if I were a young man.

If you marry him, you will have to give up your boy friends. Why not now? The situation is unusual. I will admit, but you know that he was doing night work when you became engaged to him.

If you find the effort of being true to him too much for you, break your engagement.

Economical Idea.
"A friend of mine," says a clever needlewoman, "had occasion to open my shirt waist box the other day. She came to me, saying: 'My, but you are extravagant! You have eleven pretty silk waists in that one box. How did you happen to buy so much wash silk?' My answer surprised her. My husband works in bank and must wear very clean linen. He is partial to silk shirts, but as soon as there is the least break near the collar they are thrown away. Shortly afterward I appear in a new silk waist, for the rest of the shirt is perfectly good. It is a large man, and there is not the least trouble in getting the waist from the shirt. Sometimes I vary this by putting on plain collar and cuffs. A million dollars worth of silk shirts you do not mind at all how many new shirts the man of the house chooses to buy. You will even suggest at times that a certain shirt in the window would look well on him—and, incidentally, on you."

Nadine Face Powder
(In Green Boxes Only)

Keeps The Complexion Beautiful
Soft and velvety. Money back if not entirely pleased. Nadine is pure and harmless. Adheres until washed off. Prevents sunburn and does not discoloration. A million dollars worth of silk shirts you do not mind at all how many new shirts the man of the house chooses to buy. You will even suggest at times that a certain shirt in the window would look well on him—and, incidentally, on you."

By Toilet Counters or Mail, Sec. National Toilet Co., Paris, France.

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The Alphabetical Dots
By CLIFFORD LEON SHERMAN.

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Times Pattern Service

A VERY choice design in a dress is this one, on smart, simple, and youthful lines. It is a back-but-toned model, full at the waist line, has low, flat collar finishing the neck and full-length sleeves neatly cuffed. The skirt, with a straight gathered flounce, joins the waist under a belt of material. Banding is prominently featured, as fashion directs. Silk and crepe, silk and fine serge, silk and voile, and like combinations are desirable for developing, and the pattern is easy to follow.

Cut in sizes 14 to 20 years. To make in size 16 will require 4 1/4 yards 36-inch silk, 3/4 yard 40-inch crepe, and 3 3/4 yards banding. In all one material, 5 1/4 yards.

To obtain this pattern fill out the coupon and enclose 10 cents in stamps or coin. Address: Pattern Department, Washington Times, Munsey Building, D. C.

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(SIZE MUST BE PUT ON COUPON.)



(SIZE MUST BE PUT ON COUPON.)

THE TIMES PATTERN SERVICE
September 18.

Name.....
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Site Desired..... City and State.....

Bachelor Girl's Reflections

By HELEN ROWLAND.

MAN'S mind is like a non-refillable bottle—once he has received the impression that you are in with him the only way to get the idea out of his head is to extract the whole brain.

Hope is a chain of iron which holds a man to a woman's side—gratitude a million miles long which permits him to wander at will.

Alas! no man can be full of romance and hay fever at the same time.

Most men select a wife for about the same reason as Adam did—simply because they happen to be lonely and bored and she happens to be the only woman at hand.

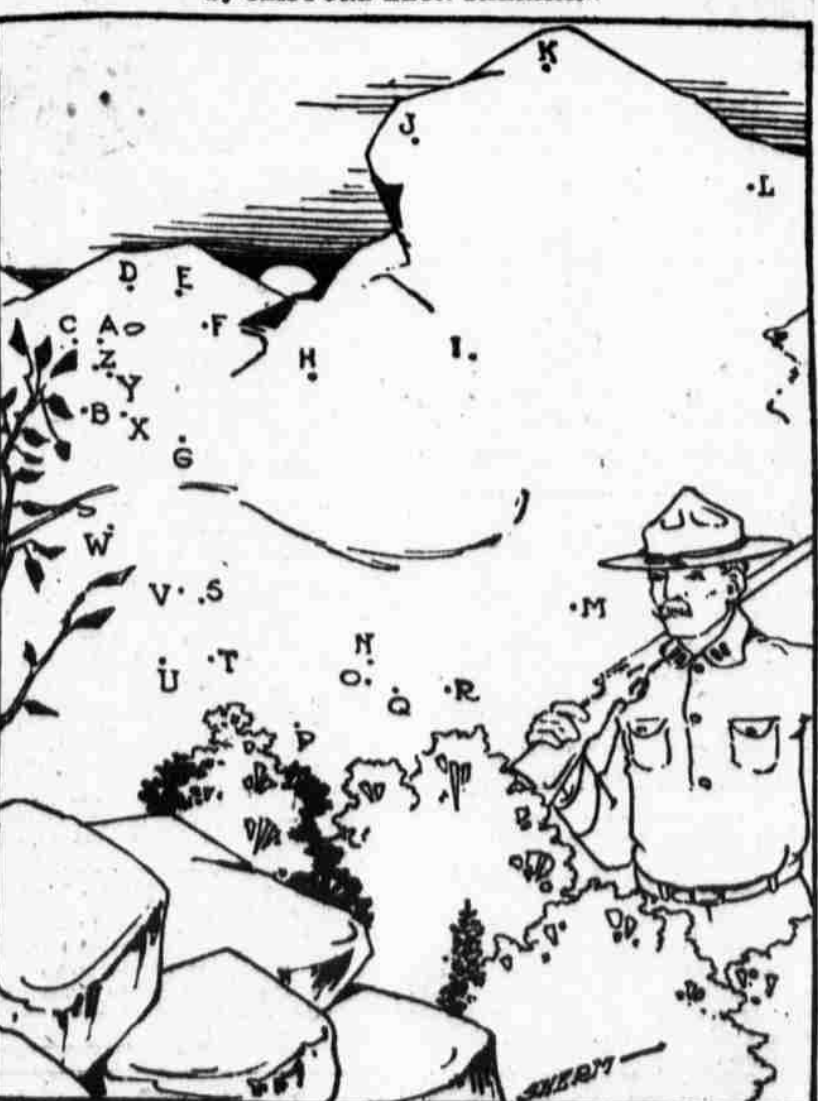
The man who extracts the full measure of joy out of life is the one who always gives more than he expects; sometimes spends more than he can afford and occasionally loves more than he is wise.

The Modern Girl's Slogan: Let me sign my own check and I care not who may sign a wedding certificate.

(Copyright, 1916.)

The Alphabetical Dots

By CLIFFORD LEON SHERMAN.



Dinner being over and bed time still an hour away, Tommy crawled up on his father's knee to learn more of the life on the Mexican border.

"I suppose," said he, "that you didn't hear much worrying going on down there, did you, daddy?"

"Don't you worry about the shooting," replied his father. "There was plenty of that. Why, I was standing near one of the outposts one evening when I heard a shot and a minute after

an officer appeared from the Mexican side dragging something."

"I'll bet it was a Mexican," said Tommy.

"You lose," said his father. "It was a wild—"

To complete the picture draw a straight line from the dot marked A to the dot marked B and so on through the alphabet.

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